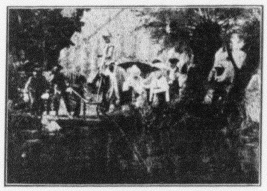
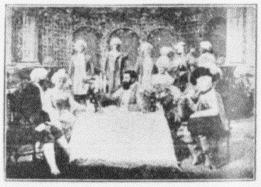


stops, the King alights, followed by the Princess, and orders the servants to help the young man. The Princess, seeing the charming young man, falls in love with him. The King invites him to get into the coach, and the three ride towards the palace.

The cat, in the meantime, went to the corn fields, where country men and women are harvesting. She asks the reapers to tell the King when his coach passes by that all these fields



are the property of the Marquis of Carabas. If they do not tell so they will be minced in pie-meat.

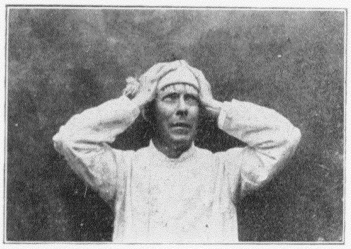
The King's coach appears; he asks whose fields these are. They belong to the Marquis of Carabas, answer the countrymen.

While the King is reviewing the Marquis of Carabas' estate, the cat goes to the Ogre's Castle, asking him if it is true that he can assume any form he likes. The Ogre, to show his cleverness, changes himself immediately into a roaring lion. The cat admires this, but says she does not believe that he can make himself into one of the smallest animals, and asks him to transform himself into a rat, which the Ogre does. The cat immediately catches the rat and eats her up.

The cat then goes to the dining room, where the servants are preparing a great dinner for the Ogre and tells them that they are released, and that the castle and everything in it belongs now to the Marquis of Carabas. Soon after this the King and Princess enter, followed by their court. The young miller's son, who has been informed by the cat of the situation, does the honor of his house to his royal guests.

COPYRIGHT 1906

A NIGHT OFF



Oh, What a Difference in the Morning!

S. LUBIN

LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF

LIFE MOTION PICTURE MACHINES AND FILMS

21 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

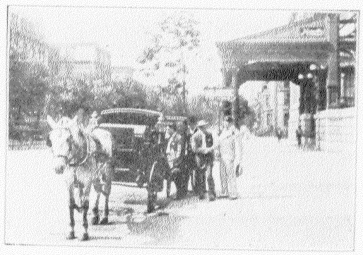
3000 7-06

A NIGHT OFF

Oh, What a Difference in the Morning

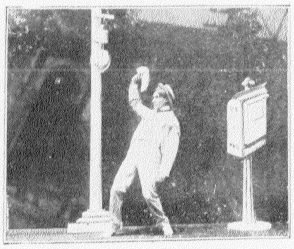
Length, 800 feet Price, $88.00

The picture opens with a jolly birthday party at the Hotel Majestic. Evening draws near and still champagne is flowing freely. At last the time has come for the parting. With great effort the three friends leave the hotel where they had such a jolly time.



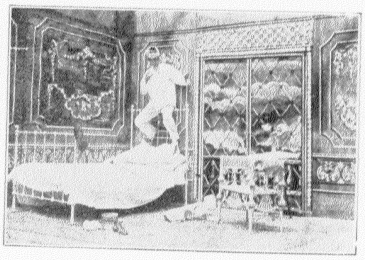
Outside the hotel the two friends engage a carriage while the host prefers to walk in the dreamy moonlight.

Walking down the street his path is not always straight. He upsets a bakery wagon and while rounding the corner comes in collision with an Italian peddler smashing everything the man carries. A fight ensues which is stopped by a policeman.



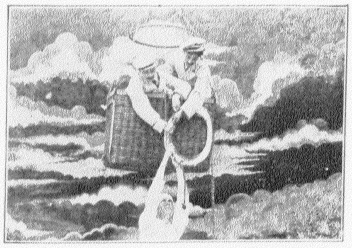
The champagne begins to work. The whole city goes around, the streets pass flying and the electric pole dances while the letter box raises its arms in horror.

At last he reaches home. He tries to unlock the door but cannot find the keyhole. After many vain attempts the door opens and he falls into the vestibule.

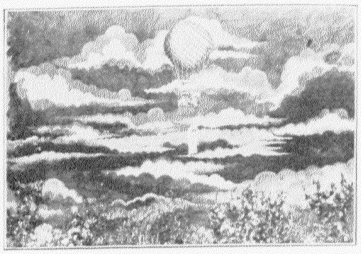


Arriving at his bed room he begins to undress but not before he upset everything in the room. Going to bed he takes with him a pitcher of ice water. Suddenly the bed turns upside down, the furniture begins to move, the bed clothes jump into the air—Oh! such a headache.

Suddenly champagne bottles begin to dance through the room. They get larger and larger changing suddenly into imps who pursue our frightened host. He jumps through the door followed by the threatening imps.

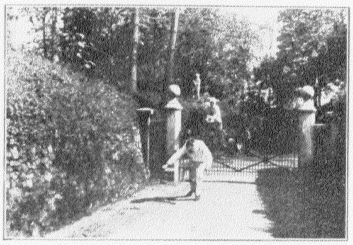


In his flight he falls into the sea but is rescued by the timely arrival of two aeronauts, flying in their balloon over the sea.

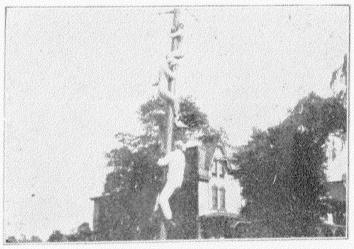


He is pulled up into the balloon but before he reaches the basket in safety he lets go of the line and drops down many thousand feet.

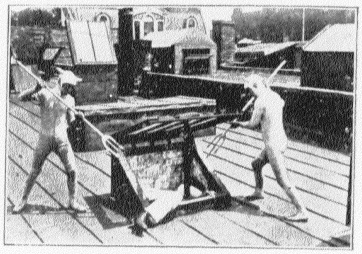
The balloon was flying over woodland thus saving his life. While falling through the trees he notices the two imps waiting underneath to pierce him with their spears. Reaching the ground, he starts to run, hotly pursued by the imps.



He runs through woodland along the country roads always pursued by the devilish imps. An iron gate is no obstacle for the fleeing man. He jumps over it but still cannot escape his pursuers.



It is indeed a funny sight to see the fleeing man mount a horse which is running backwards. He now jumps over a high wall and even climbs up a telegraph pole.

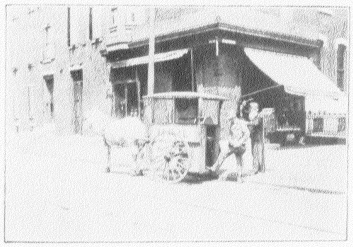


Seeing no other means of escape he drops through the skylight of his own home when he suddenly wakes and finds that the skylight really fell down in his room and that everything else was only a dream.

It certainly was a jolly birthday party, but—
OH! WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING.

COPYRIGHT

The Great



MAIL ROBBERY

S. LUBIN
LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF
Life Motion Picture Machines and Films
21 South Eighth Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

3000-7-08